

# Dad and the Red Light

*by* Bill Yarrow

My father is twenty-two years old. He's stopped at a light at Broad and Market. He sees a man in a tan jacket start to cross in front of him. All of a sudden, the man disappears. The light turns green. Confused, my father gets out and walks to the front of his car. A guy is face down on the ground, his head wedged in front of the passenger wheel. He selected my father as his agent of suicide.

I've been held hostage by this story ever since I was told it when I was fourteen or so. My dad was trying to teach me the importance of checking things out. Then I saw, all his life, wannabe suicides flit towards him like moths. He saved them all.

